

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME V.

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An Apprenticeship in Sainthood.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

WHEN Kathleen was first asked to spend the summer with great Aunt Caroline she felt as rebellious as such a sunny person could. The hint that the old aunt was lonely, which would have deterred some, made Kathleen willing to go.

The end of the first day in the old homestead saw Kathleen going to bed in a state of awe. "Suppose I hadn't come," she said to the girl in the glass. "What a dreadful silly I should have been! This is the seat of my ancestors!" Kathleen thought this a fine term, so she said it again, "The seat of my ancestors! Great-grandmother, and grandmother, and mother were born here. And Aunt Caroline is the kind of old lady you see in pictures and dream of. Perhaps I can learn from her how to be good,—really perfectly good, like she is." Kathleen had hazy ideas of her career. She meant to be a composite of Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Frances Willard, and Mrs. Browning. She hesitated as to whether she should take up teaching, literature, or nursing as an aid, but there was one foundation for all: you must be very good.

The first week went by in a happy maze. She wandered about examining furniture and keepsakes, and hearing bits of family history. Many of Aunt Caroline's friends called, and, when Kathleen walked to town at the end of the week, she could speak to nearly every one she met. She found a negro mammy, who had been nurse in Kathleen's mother's childhood, and, when the old woman declared that "the bressed chile looked jes lak her ma," Kathleen felt as if she were living in a story. She hoped for a haunted room in the homestead, but Aunt Caroline said, with a quiet smile, "We've always been a respectable family, though that isn't at all romantic, and there are no uneasy ghosts to rise and trouble us."

Since she was to be there six months Kathleen decided not to begin her training at once. There were such a lot of amusing things to do first. She sang her merry songs and recited her funniest verses and stories for Aunt Caroline, who listened with a smile that was certainly tolerant. Then there were the children of Mrs. O'Brien, the laundress. The two smallest came with their mother, and were the most satisfactory little roly-polys one could find. Kathleen taught them kindergarten games and songs, and romped with them as if she too were under six. Then the girls of the town had a picnic for her, and they took several walks to explore the glens

along the beautiful river. With Aunt Caroline she went to call upon the minister. He was old and white-haired, and at first sight might not have appeared very interesting. But in fifteen minutes Kathleen discovered that his hobby was bird study, and as that was her chief hobby also, they chatted away like lifetime friends. They planned some bird-study expeditions together, and Kathleen came away bubbling with happiness.

So a month passed so full of delightful activities that it seemed very short. Madame Caroline, who had feared a gay young girl would get lonely in the old place, often smiled to herself. "Kathleen is a dear adaptable child," she murmured fondly; "I suspect she would find life in an Eskimo hut busy and interesting."

But that very evening Kathleen was calling herself to account. She talked while she was brushing her hair, and the girl in the glass reflected a sober face. "Kathleen," she said, "you've frittered away a whole month, and haven't even made a start. Now no more frolics and nonsense, my dear. You are to begin to-morrow morning."

Then she fell to examining the quaint porcelain candlestick that held her candle, and she found time to turn an appreciative eye on the old highboy across the room. She did not get over being pleased with her surroundings.

The next morning she did her hair in flat bands, as a style more in keeping with her aspirations. She stayed quite close to Aunt Caroline all day, though that lady did not notice how closely she was being watched. In the evening the two sat down in the parlor. Aunt Caroline had her piece of knitting. Kathleen had no knitting, so she brought out some handkerchiefs to hem, as the least frivolous bit of sewing she could think of. Several times Aunt Caroline glanced at silent Kathleen wonderingly. Once she asked, "You're not getting homesick, are you, dear?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Caroline!" came the answer promptly. "I'm having a perfectly lovely time, and I like it here ever so much."

Presently Aunt Caroline picked up one of the books from the stand at her elbow, and began to read.

"May I have one of your books, Aunt Caroline?" asked Kathleen.

"Certainly, child, help yourself. But I'm afraid you won't be much interested except in the one Old Book."

Kathleen looked over the titles. There

were Thomas à Kempis, Jeremy Taylor, Emerson, and several volumes labeled sermons or discourses, besides the Bible. Kathleen knew she could find many chapters she liked in the Bible, so she decided to try one of the others. She opened Thomas à Kempis, and read a page. Then she found she couldn't remember a word, so she read it over again. Poor Kathleen spent a dull evening with good old Thomas. The short paragraphs wandered on unceasingly, and Kathleen could not find the clue. But she felt at least that she had put in a day training for sainthood.

The girls came over the next day. Kathleen refused the invitation to go to the woods for bushels of wild flowers, as Letty put it, and talked gently and pensively with the girls. They started soon on the wild-flower expedition, and Kathleen heard a bit of conversation as they were passing under the window.

"What has come over Kathleen Esmond?" said Beatrice. "I thought she was a splendid girl, and such fun, but she was as unresponsive as a mummy to-day."

"She'll know when I ask her to go to the woods again," said Letty.

Kathleen's eyes filled with tears. She did like the girls, and she wanted their liking. But undoubtedly it was the fate of saints to be misunderstood.

She put in the rest of the day making a pair of rompers for Mrs. O'Brien's baby. Aunt Caroline often made things for the O'Brien children, and they all loved her devotedly. Kathleen took the rompers over the next day. She tried them on small Terry proudly, but, oh, dear, what a wretched failure they were as rompers. They bunched in the front, and wouldn't come together in the back. Terry gurgled appreciatively. Mrs. O'Brien looked on sympathizingly.

"Now that's too bad, Miss Kathleen," she said. "But most like you've no gift for sewing. If you'd have been giving me the cloth now, I could have made them up something elegant. And you could have used that time singing some of your songs to my little Eleen. You see Danny has been trying to tell her of the fine songs you sang to him, but he forgets most of them, and she's wild to hear the rest. Eleen is the lame one, and it's not much pleasure she gets."

"Oh, I'll sing to her," said Kathleen, "and you use this for a dustcloth, Mrs. O'Brien," she added bitterly. She was really anxious to play with the children, and since this child was lame that would surely justify her in relaxing for an hour from the stern discipline of being like Aunt Caroline.

Kathleen, Danny, Terry, and the little girl put in a happy hour. Kathleen not only sang the kindergarten songs, but she recalled some old nonsense rhymes, and set them to improvised tunes. When she had to go, the little girl watched her from the window to the turn of the road, while the small boys hung on the fence, shouting, "Come to-morrow, and tell us about the Coy Cassowary, whose name was Mehitable Mary."

Kathleen smiled about that frolic when she recalled it the next morning. "But I must be getting on," she said. "I think I will go and read to Mrs. Cutts to-day. She loves to have Aunt Caroline do that."

Kathleen read for half an hour to Mrs. Cutts, and, as she was unaccustomed to reading aloud, she felt hoarse and tired by that time. Mrs. Cutts had listened impassively. Now she said, "I'm sure I'm much obliged for your good intentions, but I can't say you're much of a reader, not after I'm used to hearing Mrs. Carrol; and I'd a sight rather you'd a set and talked to me as you did the other time you come. You told me most all the news of the village, and you mentioned the things that other folks always passes over."

Kathleen went out with a hurt feeling at her heart. The way to sainthood was certainly a thorny road. Yet it didn't look as if Aunt Caroline could ever have known the thorns. She seemed so at peace.

Kathleen turned toward the minister's. Here surely was some one who would understand her high aims. Mr. Beckwith looked very glad to see her.

"Kathleen," he said, "I've found a partridge with her brood. I didn't disturb her, and I think we can both go and see her this afternoon."

"I'm afraid I can't go," said Kathleen, pensively. "I have another engagement." Something in her aloof air dampened Mr. Beckwith's enthusiasm. He did not speak for a moment. Kathleen gazed out of the window.

"Mr. Beckwith," she said, "do you think all people are free-will agents, or are they restrained more or less by environment?"

Mr. Beckwith stared. Yes, fine-cultured gentleman that he was, there is no other word for the blank look he turned on Kathleen. Was this his happy little comrade, who loved the birds, this solemn-eyed young person, turning to sad and futile problems, ages old?

"I don't know, Kathleen," he said at length, "and I don't think any one does know except our Heavenly Father, and I'm satisfied he'll measure the amount of our freedom, and blame justly, and deal with us all in love."

Kathleen went away presently, chilled instead of comforted. Really Mr. Beckwith's air was reproachful. By the time she reached home she was in the depths of abasement. Probably she was not free herself, and never could become extremely good. Aunt Caroline sat in the dear old parlor, looking as saintlike as ever. What a tender, beautiful face, and surely she was at peace. Before Kathleen was really aware she had her head down on the white apron, and was weeping out her sense of defeat.

"Child! Child! What is it? Are you homesick and lonely? You shall go home to-morrow. It was selfish of me to want to keep you."

"Oh, no, I'm not homesick. I love it here. But, dear Aunt Caroline, I wanted to be like you. But I see I never can be." Then she told her story of her week and its discouragements. "I can't even read Thomas à Kempis," she finished.

"I should think not. You would be an unnatural child if you could." Something in Aunt Caroline's tone made Kathleen look up with hope.

"No," Aunt Caroline went on, "you can never be good as I am. If you are good at all you will have to be good as Kathleen Esmond. Don't try to copy. You have a

soul of your own, and many gifts to adorn it. I look with longing on one gift of yours, but I know it can never be mine, and I spend no time fretting over it."

Kathleen looked her question. A gift of hers that Aunt Caroline desired!

"Did you stop to think what a great gift for service a happy disposition is? Your contagious, kindly smiles and laughter carry help to many. The wise man said a merry heart doeth good, like a medicine, and I've thought of it many times since you came. I've seen a dozen people helped by that medicine. And you would bury your own gifts, and try to imitate a silent old woman. People have told me how much good you do, but no one tells me I help them."

They had a long delightful talk that evening. Kathleen went to bed singing in spirit again. When she faced the girl in the glass, one sentence of the talk came back to her suddenly. "No one has told Aunt Caroline what a blessing her life is to this whole town," she said. "Well, Kathleen, you and I may be hopeless as saints, but we'll see that some one does tell her. We'll have a party, and have all the people that adore her come to it, and find some way to tell how she has helped them. They ought to be ashamed to wait until she can't hear, and then come and say, 'Mrs. Carrol was a saint on earth.' I'll ask Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith to help me. They'll know just what to do."

Every one wanted to help with the party.

Stored-up Sunshine.

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN.

I LOOKED from out my window, this gloomy autumn day,
And thought: "The sun is shining! The clouds have cleared away!"

But then I heard the patter of drops against the pane;
The clouds hung low as ever, all heavy with the rain.

What I had thought was sunshine, was just a maple tree
That always in October is yellow as can be.

The maples by the roadside turn red, when summer's done;
But this one, by my window, turns golden like the sun!

I think that all the summer, just as the honey-bees
Store honey, it stored sunshine, for dreary days like these.

I know a sweet old lady. Her wrinkled, merry face
Makes sunshine, like my maple, within a gloomy place.

Her summer days are over. Her winter time draws near;
But she's been storing sunshine through many a passing year.

Till now—no heart so frozen, no heart so sad and blue,
But, if she shines upon it, she warms it through and through!

O children, friends, and strangers! I hope you all, like me,
Know such a sweet old lady, and such a maple tree!

The servants got things ready without letting Aunt Caroline know. Then one lovely day most of the town gathered out on the wide lawn, and Mr. Beckwith led Aunt Caroline out to receive her neighbors. There were many little gifts, each with a sentiment, or a bit of verse that brought tears of joy to the lady's eyes. The children brought flowers or smudgy bits of needlework, and the poorest had a "God bless you, Mrs. Carrol, for what you've done," to speak. Kathleen was in her element. Mr. Beckwith said she circulated like a streak of sunshine.

That night when Aunt Caroline went up to her room she paused at the sleeping girl's door to say, with a smile, "Blessings on you, fairy of good cheer. You've given me a most happy day."

The Gentle Art of Spelling.

"I can spell," announced Roy, aged five, at the breakfast-table, as he took another biscuit. "These are made out of d-o, do." "But that doesn't spell dough," his mother answered, smilingly. "Aunt Manda says that's the way to spell 'do,'" insisted Roy. "Dere's two kinds o' do, chile," said the old colored cook, who came in just then with another plate of biscuits. "'Do,' what you shets, and 'do' what you eats."

Youth's Companion.

Lamp Chimneys and Arithmetic.

MOTHER," said Ethel, "why do you always clean that lamp chimney first? I thought you said it was the hardest one of all to clean."

"It is the hardest," said mother, with a smile, "and that is the very reason why I always try to clean it first."

"But—" began Ethel, and then she stopped.

She was sitting beside the kitchen table dressing a doll, and watching mother at the same time. She liked to see the dim, sometimes smoky-looking chimneys become clear and shining as they were rubbed with the soft, crumpled paper.

Mother waited for Ethel to finish her sentence, but as she did not, said at length: "You see, this chimney is so tall and slender that it is hard to get my hand inside, or to rub it its full length; if I should do all the easy chimneys first, I might spend the whole time I was cleaning those in dreading the harder chimney. You know they say that 'dreading is often worse than doing,' so just think how much worse it would be to put it off."

Mother's eyes were smiling while she talked, and Ethel knew very well of what she was thinking. It had been only a few minutes before that she had said to her mother: "Oh, dear, I do so dread to study that arithmetic lesson. I'll study my spelling first." After the spelling had been studied she had put off the arithmetic lesson a little longer, while she dressed her doll.

Ethel put Evangeline's cap on very carefully and slowly as mother finished speaking, but when she began tying her cap strings she did it with quick little jerks. "Evangeline," she said, holding the doll up before her, "I am going straight off to study my arithmetic lesson, and don't you dare to call me away from it."

Selected.



The Story of Bunnie Bobtail.

The Bunnie Whites lived on a broad shelf with the stuffed cats and dogs in a queer little store in the big city. Sometimes a child would visit the store with its mother or nurse, and how excited all the little animals would get, because it was the ambition of each to go to live in some beautiful home out in the big world and become the pet of a dear little boy or girl. If one of the bunnies was carried away, then all the other bunnies would shake one of their fore feet and say, "Good luck, good luck."

The bunnie of our story was waiting his turn. He hoped he would be able to ride out in a carriage some day, like the Teddy bears and the real dogs did. He saw them pass the store every day, and they looked very happy. Even if he did not get out into the big world before, he felt sure that Christmas would find him in the stocking of some happy child.

But Bunnie Bobtail did not have to wait until Christmas. One frosty night in October a fire broke out in the street. It soon reached the store where the bunnies lived. If they had been real bunnies, I think they would have hopped far, far away out of the smoke and heat and water; but, not being real bunnies, they had to sit right on the shelf and get burnt. Bunnie Bobtail will never forget that terrible night, never. Some time during the roaring of the fire and the shouting of the firemen a heavy stream of water picked poor Bunnie Bobtail right off his feet and carried him off, where he lay, half drowned, half suffocated, and wholly frightened until morning. He couldn't see where he was because he had lost one of his beautiful pink eyes, neither could he smell because his whiskers were singed away, and he couldn't wag his tail if he had been ever so happy, for the good reason that there wasn't enough of it left to wag. But he wasn't happy, not one bit; he was terribly worried to know what had become of the other Bunnie Whites; he hoped none of them were quite as miserable as he. Poor little Bunnie Bobtail!

When the big city began to wake up, he heard a boy calling down the street. He listened with his big ears as the boy came nearer and heard him call, "Mornin' papirs, all about the big fire." Nearer and nearer came the boy, and then he stepped right on poor Bunnie Bobtail's sore little stump. "Gee, if here ain't a rabbit!" the boy said right out loud, just as if somebody was there to hear. "He's all smoked up, and his tail's 'most gone; but I'll take him home to Babe. I guess Mother can fix him up."

Bunnie Bobtail squinted hard with his one eye, and, sure enough, it was a boy, a big boy with a bag of morning papers slung over his shoulder, and the next thing Bunnie Bobtail knew he was in the boy's pocket all mixed up with a top, top-strings, nails, and chewing-gum. He stayed there a long time, until Buvver—that wasn't his real name, but what Babe called him—sold all his papers and went home to breakfast.

I must say that our poor little bunnie was disappointed when Buvver took him out of his dark pocket. His new home was little and old, and in a very shabby part of the city near the freight yards. Babe's people were very, very poor, and Muvver, as she called her, took in washing and ironing. Babe had no furry Teddy or fat Billikin to play with, nothing but an old black Dinah that Muvver made from one of Buvver's stockings. She had no pretty white frocks tied with blue ribbon, either, just a plain blue-and-white checked gingham; but, when Bunnie Bobtail looked up into Babe's face,—why, he thought he had never seen anything so sweet in all his life! When he was hugged up under her fat little chin and then kissed ever so many times, he was sure of it. Bunnie Bobtail chirked right up and forgot all about his lost eye and whiskers.

While Babe and Buvver ate their breakfast, Muvver took the poor, tousled little bunnie and sewed another eye on him. It wasn't a pink eye because Muvver had no pink beads, just common black ones; but it was an eye, anyway. Then she mended his poor stubby tail and fastened some brand-new whiskers to his nose. After this she put him in her tub of suds and scrubbed him with a stiff brush until he was sore all over, then rinsed him and hung him out to dry in the sun. Bunnie Bobtail never looked so funny in all his life as he did pinned to the clothes-line by his two long ears. He was glad none of the other bunnies were around to see him. When Muvver took him down, he was clean and white and dry, as good as new, if his tail *was* nothing but a stump. That was why Muvver called him *Bobtail*.

Bunnie Bobtail was never lonesome after this. Babe carried him about all day long, and talked to him in her sweet baby way. He could not understand what she said, at first, but he soon learned. When she ate her dinner, he sat on the tray of her high-chair right beside her. When she played at the window, he sat on the window-sill and looked out. When Babe went out in the little yard to watch Muvver hang the clothes, why, Bunnie Bobtail went, too. Babe had no carriage; but, when Buvver came home

from school, he took them to ride in his soap-cart. They went ever so far, past the playground where many children were swinging and playing in big boxes of sand, far, far out to a grove of hickory-trees, under which Buvver got a bag full of nuts to take home. They had a lovely ride, and, when they got home, Babe's eyes would not keep open hardly long enough to eat her bread and milk. Muvver put them both to bed in the little crib.

It had been such an exciting day that Bunnie Bobtail couldn't go right to sleep. He had to think and think and think, and, the more he thought, the happier he felt. "If I'd gone to live with some rich little girl, she'd had a Teddy bear and some dolls, and perhaps a live dog or cat, while *here*, why, *Babe's got just me*." With this happy thought Bunnie Bobtail closed his one pink eye and his one black eye, and, cuddled up in Babe's arms, all snug and warm, fell fast asleep.

ANNIE BALCOMB WHEELER,
in the *Christian Register*.

The Two Journeys.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

BKIND went forth one pleasant day,
To see if Un Kind he could find;
He traveled on from morn till night,
He looked before, he looked behind,
And though he journeyed all that day,
He always found Un Kind away.
He stopped at every Human Inn,—
Yet found folks only of his kin!

But Un Kind went that very morn
Upon a journey quite as far;
He traveled both on foot and horse,
He rode in carriage, boat, and car;
And all night, too, from dark till dawn,
Without a stop he journeyed on,—
And everywhere, within or out,
He only found *his* folks about!



OUT FOR A SPIN.

THE BEACON

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From the Editor to You.

Our Paper. The Editor has had the pleasure of visiting recently several good Sunday schools and speaking to the teachers and pupils. Everywhere she has found interested and happy people, young and old. She has seen dark-eyed Italians and Jews, fair-haired Germans and Norwegians, and children of other nations, all Americans now, speaking our language, singing the songs, and learning the lessons which tell us that we are all children of the dear God and close to each other in love and interest; and that is what we mean when we recite the words of our faith, "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."


To all these children and young people, splendid classes of boys and girls, young men and young women, the Editor has said what now she says to all our readers: We are making *The Beacon* together. You have a share in making and keeping it as good as it ought to be. By taking an interest in what it offers you, by writing to the Beacon Club, by solving the puzzles and making new ones for us, by watching for news from our schools and sending some about your own, by being sure that the Editor's message week by week is a message to you and reading it,—these are some of the ways in which you may help.

It is not possible, when part of our issues are only four pages, to print every week a story or poem which will fit every grade from the primary grade to the senior. But with one eight-page number every month, and extra double numbers at Thanksgiving and Christmas, it will be possible to give during each month something that is right for every one of you. *Be sure to watch each number for your own story, for the message meant for you.* The Editor would be so sorry to have you miss your own share!

Will not our readers help, too, by telling us what they see in *The Beacon* which they like, which they find helpful? How many of the older boys enjoyed the story of the way John earned his way to college, called "Half a Freshman"? Did the older girls see their two stories, "The Choice" and "The Way"? How many of our readers noticed and liked the special Temperance number on November 1? Please put the Editor down as a member of every Sunday school which takes this paper and help her to make it just as good as it can be.

Sunday School News.

IN a single year our Sunday school at East Boston has greatly increased its membership. An attendance of 62 welcomed the editor on the second Sunday in October. The work of the kindergarten and primary




THE BEACON CLUB

MOTTO: Let your light shine.

MEMBERSHIP FEE: One good letter for this corner.

BADGE: Club Button, sent on receipt of letter.



Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

The Beacon Club.—I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday school. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I have worked out some of the enigmas and have made one which I hope you will print in the recreation corner of *The Beacon*.

Faithfully yours,
SIDNEY LITTLE.

PITTSBURGH, PA.,
7203 Travella Boulevard.

Dear Miss Buck.—I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club, and should be glad to wear the badge.

We talked about the club to-day after Sunday school, and nearly all the girls want to join.

I attend the First Unitarian Sunday school of this city.

Sincerely yours,
MARY HARPER AMES.

HOBART, IND.

Dear Miss Buck.—I am fourteen years old, and have gone to Sunday school six years.

I like *The Beacon* very much, and watch eagerly for it every Sunday. I like to solve the puzzles.

I would like to join the Beacon Club, so, if you will, please send me a club button.

Your sincere friend,
CARRIE ZORJECK.

EAST BOSTON, MASS.,
157 Lexington Street.

Dear Miss Buck.—I am interested in *The Beacon*. I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday, and always read it. Mr. Hill is our teacher. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club, and have a pin. I am eleven years old.

Yours truly,
ASA JOSSELYN.

ENIGMA XVII.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 14, 16, 2, 12, 15, are a part of the head.
My 9, 13, 1, 5, is past.
My 15, 8, 7, 1, is what we sing in church.
My 15, 10, 7, 17, is a very good place.
My 11, 2, 3, 6, is a term of affection.
My 15, 17, 3, 4, is the result of listening.
My *whole* is a well-known hymn.

K. B. & E. T.

HIDDEN CONSTELLATIONS AND PLANETS.

1. Grammar so far is unknown to them.
2. Time was given us to investigate.
3. A debtor, I only ask for time.
4. Hongju pit eruption was tremendous.
5. Was the Centaur useful?
6. The Babu ran usquebaugh plants.
7. The St. Elmer cur yelped constantly.
8. The July races were exciting.
9. Elsa turned away in disgust.
10. In the fracas Si Opie acted like a mad man.

S. E. L. B.

A GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL.

All of the words described are of the same length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order here given, the diagonal, beginning with the upper left-hand letter, will spell a famous city.

CROSS-WORDS.—1. The largest lake in Europe. 2. A country of Europe. 3. Next to the largest river of Europe. 4. A town in Bavaria. 5. A city of Massachusetts. 6. One of the United States.

St. Nicholas.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 7.

ENIGMA XIII.—A new broom sweeps clean.

TWISTED BIBLICAL NAMES.—1. Aaron. 2. Goliath. 3. Simeon. 4. Japheth. 5. Deborah. 6. Gideon. 7. Nehemiah. 8. Jesse.

A CHARADE.—Moon-light.

A TOUR AROUND THE WORLD IN FORTY MINUTES.—1. Davenport. 2. Brussels. 3. Dayton. 4. Toulouse (too loose). 5. Madison. 6. Morocco. 7. Stockholm. 8. Rome (roam). 9. Bristol. 10. Liverpool. 11. Lyons (lions). 12. Marseilles (ma sails). 13. Hull. 14. Lincoln. 15. Belfast.

CURTAILMENTS.—1. Twine, twin. 2. Avert, aver. 3. Babel, babe. 4. Aha, ah. 5. Airy, air. 6. Ward, war. 7. Want, wan. 8. Wage, wag.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XVI.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 7, 10, 15, is on the floor.
My 1, 6, 9, is to lie down.
My 12, 2, 14, is a kind of bed.
My 15, 13, 7, is a boy's nickname.
My 3, 5, means you and I.
My 1, 2, 3, is a girl's name.
My 10, 4, 11, is to be ill.
My 8, 14, is a preposition.
My *whole* is a writer for girls.

CARRIE ZORJECK.